

EASTER SUITE

i

Reaching

To take hold  
of something  
a physical

Symbol when  
what I wanted  
was for the air

To sustain me  
so what  
I grabbed

Was your  
buttock  
in one hand

Your slender  
neck  
in the other

Two ends at  
the same  
time

This ought to  
be some kind  
of a beginning

Of course  
it is  
my lips

Are soon on  
your mouth  
and my fingers

Are inside  
your  
breech

Though what I  
wanted  
was essence

Not substance  
what you  
wanted

Was a baby  
you shall  
have it

ii

I can not

Be as  
symbolic  
as I

Would like  
to be  
grabbing

For air  
my breath  
raking

My throat  
you did not  
come at all

But you have  
what you  
set out for

iii

Let's get

Our ass  
out of here  
Eve said

And there  
the journey  
began



iv

We grew

Some turnips  
the worms  
got them

Some sow side  
salted  
for winter

Maggot filled  
your belly  
grew and grew

My hairy balls  
ached  
for some more

But you were  
morning sick  
day and night

You held  
my cock  
a moment

Once and  
said  
poor guy

v

So squalling

A brat was  
born red  
as sin

But perfect  
feed him  
on manna

And honey  
but God said  
kill a goat

And brand his  
forehead  
he will be

Known  
grasping  
for air

He will  
find  
flesh

God's own  
in the host  
blood

In the wine  
though  
reaching out

He hoped  
to encompass  
the air